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LIEUTENANT LOUISA

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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legs we can" "Gracious goodness!" gasped my aunt, reddening to the forehead, "let me go;

show me the way out at once; I never could think of being present at—my dear Charles, why didn't you tell me? How could you suppose"-

"This way, aunt, this way," said I, with difficulty maintaining my gravity, while at the same time taking shame to myself for the ruse I was playing off on her. "A thousand thanks to you, dear aunt; it is most unfortunate that the interruption should have come at this time, but doctors, you know"---

"I understand, of course," she anwered, pressing through the doorway and venturing to face me only when she was on the landing outside. "And I was going at any rate in a moment; and I only wanted to tell you, my dear nephew, that—that I am your aunt, and that I intend-that is, that you may expect-I mean that you need not fear-in short, it will be all right! And so, my dear, good-by and God bless you!" And with this the best of relatives kissed my unworthy cheek and hurried downstairs.

"Fine old lady, that!" observed the doctor, when I hobbled back to the room. "The world does not contain her equal for her age!" I replied. "And now, my dear doctor, all I have to ask of you is

to follow her example." "What! write you a check for fifty pounds!" exclaimed he. "Not me!" "I expect nothing so sensible of you. What I want is to be left alone. Solitude

is to be my medicine for this afternoon." "Ah!" ejaculated the doctor, smiling with an arch twinkle in his eye. "Well, I'm off; but, mind you, no more aunts of any age or I'll order you mustard plasters and tartar emetic!" And with this threat and a laugh he took his leave. "And now," said I to myself, sinking

back in my chair, "of course Mary won't come after all." But I was mistaken; she did come; and she came in the most natural and unsensational way in the world. She came—she was in the room—for a moment she was in my arms; and then all my doubts and troubles were forgotten,

and I felt as if our long separation had been but a weary dream. "My own darling Mary!"

"Charlie, my love, how thin you are! I'am so glad!"

"That I am so thin?" "Oh, Charlie"-Well, we were very happy. I was almost afraid to love her so much as I did, and yet I knew that I could never love her so much as she deserved. We were together, and we were happy; that was all that either of us knew or cared. But at last Mary declared that I must light

"For," said she, "how can you pretend to say you love me if you cannot see my

"I do not love you for your face." "Do you really love me?" "Love you! I-oh, Mary!"

"But I am so stupid!" "You must be the cleverest of wo-

"Because you can find something

worth loving in me. "Light the gas, sir!"

"First, then, one more matches are on the mantelpiece; you can light the gas yourself, if you will. I wash my hands of it."

The gas was lighted. Soon after the middle Temple clock struck 5 in its most aggressive tone. "My father is dining at the Freema-

sons' tavern to-night," said Mary, "and he is going to dress at his chambers; so I can stay ever so long yet-if you will

"If you stay here till I ask you to go, Mary, you may make up your mind to leave as an old woman.' The words were scarcely out of my

mouth when I heard the outer door open. There is a series of four doors between my rooms and the outer passage. A heavy footstep sounded between the first door and the second. Mrs. Swatman or her assistant imbecile had evidently neglected to safeguard the approach, and here was some unknown intruder forc-"Mary," I cried, "for heaven's sake-

into my bedroom-quick!" She appreciated the urgency of the occasion and vanished like a bird. Just as the door was closing upon her in walked her father,

"Come, I'm glad to see you looking so much better," said he in a hearty voice. 'Why, you've quite a color."

Not a doubt of it. In fact, I felt as though my face might be the tint of a tomato. Luckily Mary when she came in had not taken off any of her things except her sealskin jacket, and that she had snatched up and carried away with her when she escaped.

"Thank you; yes, I'm getting better," was my roply.

"That's right. I'm very glad to bear it. I've something to talk to you about -something I think you can do for me, when you're able to get about, which will occupy you and give you what I'm sure will be beneficial to you-change of

air and scene." Then, taking a chair beside the fire the very one in which Mary had just been sitting), Mr. Bruce proceeded to unfold his plans. He must have thought that my illness had rendered me extremely fidgety, for it was with the greatest. difficulty that I could keep still or even pretend to be listening. I was on tenterhooks for poor Mary. The weather was cold, and there was neither fire nor fireplace in my bedroom. I knew moreover that she would be able to distinguish the tones of her father's voice; and the discomfort and distress of her position worried me so much that every other consideration was dwarfed in the comparison. All this, however, did not prevent Mr. Bruce from stating his belief that the marriage of Dalrymple Bruce and Tryphena Maddams had been sol-emnized in the county of Berkshire and most probably in the vicinity of Abing-don. At any rate the information gained

led to the inference that the ceremony in question had taken place at one of the churches in one of the riverside towns of Berkshire. His proposal to me was that I could undertake to make a thorough search among the parish registers, Mr. Bruce paying all the expenses and compensating me for my labor at the rate of a guinea and a half a day.

While he was talking Mr. Bruce had be sufficient. If we need to look at the involuntarily taken up an old woolen glove which I kept on the top of the coal box by the fireside to put on when shoveling out coals for the fire. It was grimy as Mrs. Swatman's hands-the ne plus ultra of honest dirt-and before I noticed what he was about his fingers were as soiled as those of a finance

"Oh, what a nuisance!" exclaimed Mr. Bruce. "Dear me! I'll just step into your bedroom and wash." He rose and

approached the door. "No, no!" said I hurriedly, and laboring out of my chair under the influence of abject terror. "No-here-let me

fetch the basin in here for you!" "Nonsense-couldn't think of troubling you. I know my way," he answered, amicably motioning me back to my seat with one hand while he opened the door with the other; and before I could say or do anything further to prevent him

Mr. Bruce had entered the bedroom. If a benevolent earthquake would kindly have made a meal of me at that

moment how grateful I should have been. In a state of mind which I do not care to analyze I waited the inevitable explosion. A long second passed away - an everl sting minute - and there was no sign. What had happened? Could Mary have contrived to hide herself anywhere? I tried to reflect. There was a large, deep cupboard in the room that served as a wardrobe. Surely Mary had not had the presence of mind to conceal herself there? Yet it was the only place I could think of into which she could have retired; there was no other solution of the mystery. In a few minutes Mr. Bruce returned with clean hands and unruffled demeanor. Manifestly he had seen nothing and suspected nothing. He resumed the conversation where he had left it off, and after some further talk it was agreed that I should start for Berkshire as soon as the doctor would authorize me to leave the house; first, however, calling on Mr. Bruce to receive his written instructions and a check on account for whatever I thought I should need. Then, at last, my benefactor took his leave, and I hailed his departure as I should that of

the gout. I hastened to the bedroom, "Mary!" I called. "Mary!" No answer. I searched the cupboard.

She was not there.

I looked behind the curtain in a forlorn hope that she might have hidden herself there. No Mary: By what magic had she disappeared? I went down on my hands and knees and peered under the bed. Two overland trunks and a bootjack, but still no Mary. I summoned Mrs. Swatman "Miss Bruce-where is she?" I de-

manded. "Do you mean the lady, sir?"

"Yes-the lady-Miss Bruce." "She's gone, sir."

"I see she's gone, but how did she go?" "I let her through Mr. Burnett's chambers, sir."

"Through Mr. Burnett's chambers!" I repeated in amazement. "How did you manage that?"

"Why, sir, through the door"-"What door?" I interrupted impatiently. "The door that leads from your bed-

room into his sitting room, sir." There was a door by my bedside which was always locked, and for the key of which I had always been going to ask, thinking it was another cupboard. Through this door Mary had scaped. How thankful I was, now, that it had not been a cupboard. It turned out that Mrs. Swatman occasionally used the door when Burnett was away and I was engaged, and that in this instance, the laundress having called, Mrs. Swatman had gone in that way, and had happily been in time to release

the terrified Mary from her embarrassing predicament. I blessed Mrs. Swatman, and did not, as I had fully intended, give her a good blowing up for admitting Mr. Bruce when she knew that I was engaged. She did not know, by the way, that I was "engaged" in the common accept-ance of that term. I blessed her therefore, and furthermore presented her with a sovereign, which made her happy for the rest of the week-honest old

descendant of Cinderella that she was! Next morning by the first post I had a letter from Mary. She had been "ter-ribly frightened," poor darling; she had not fully realized the impropriety of coming to my chambers until her father had come upon the scene and she had felt the dread of discovery. I must "never again ask her to be so foolish and wicked," she said. In my answer I promised not to be selfish any more, acquainted her with her father's plans and pointed ont that if I were successful we might perhaps hope to approach Mr. Bruce. In about a fortnight I received my instructions and proceeded to hunt up the Berkshire registers; and a more wearisome task I never undertook. In some

cases the registers were well enough kept and were easy of access; in some they had been sold as waste paper or were altogether imperfect; while in a few instances they were so-ill eared for that they had become well nigh valueless, and one I found in a decayed cow shed. At Abing-lon and more especially at St. Nicholas the registers had seen admirably preserved, and it was here that I spent the longest time; but I failed to find the least trace of what I wanted, and not a word either of Dalrymple Bruce or of Tryphena Maddams. Once at Bray and again at Wallingford I thought I was upon the track, while at Cookham a whole colony of Maddams appeared to have been born, married and appeared to have been born, married and buried, but not a Tryphena smong them all. At St. Lawrence, Realing, there was a record of the marriage in 1793 of a certain Theodosia Maddams to David Bruce, and this bothered me a good deal until I discovered that Theodosia was

in a gloomy and dejected mood.

But Mr. Bruce was very kind, and not only thanked me heartily for the trouble I had been at but marked the enuineness of his satisfaction by presenting me with a check considerably larger than I was entitled to or expected. Mary, who had taken the deepest interest in the investigation, told me one evening when I was dining at their house that she felt certain-she could not tell why-that I should yet, somehow-she could not tell how-unravel this Gordion knot; nay, that it was to be the means whereby we should attain the fulfillment of our hopes. I hoped with all my heart she might be right, but confessed to some skepticism on the point; for which unbelief I received the most delightful scolding from Mary; and "You are not to laugh at me, sir! I will not be laughed at!" (Oh, the way she emphasized that "not!") "It is

very rude of you to laugh at me, and you shall do penance!" Seeing that Mr. Bruce was nodding over his book I did penance, though perhaps not just in the way that Mary had anticipated. It was a very rask act on my part, but the temptation was irresistible. You have never seen Mary or you would understand. Mary blushed

horribly and was both scared and indignant; but I pleaded eloquently for absolution and finally appeased her. At

parting she said: "You will see, Caarlie, you will find the thing out. Depend upon it. Women know things, you know, that men don't know. Well, I know—I don't know how I know, but I do know that you will discover this Dalrymple Bruce's marriage. I'm as certain of it as I am that we-well, as of anything. So good night, and be a good boy and don't contradict. No! not one, I declare!" (Alar-

ums, excursions.) The first news that greeted me on my return to my city chambers was that Mrs. Swatman's mummified assistant. Crump, was seriously ill. Of course I lost no time in seeing that she had proper attendance, and any little comfort that the doctor might think good for her. The doctor gave a poor account of her. Few men in chambers ever know anything of the inner life of their "laundresses," and from what I learned of Mrs. Crump's surroundings I should say their



I saught up the pamphlet and examined

In a wretched room in a disreputable looking building in a squalid court off Drury lane the poor old creature had her home. Home! A room not much larger than an old fashioned cupboard; a crazy, tumbledown old wooden bedstead, with quite unmentionable bedclothing; two rickety chairs and a table to match; a deal washstand, with a broken basin; a triangular bit of looking glass scratched and smeared; four or five moldy books on the top of a painted deal chest of drawers, from which the drawers were missing. These, together with a few household gods—a kettle and saucepan and a torn and discolored fragment of drugget-formed the furniture of the place. Three of the panes of glass in the solitary window were smashed and the holes filled up with what appeared to be fragments of old stuff petticoats.

In this delectable apartment Mrs.

Crump lay, and there my doctor attended her. She wanted for nothing that we could provide her, and one evening at Mr. Bruce's I managed to interest him and Mary in the old woman, insomuch that Mr. Bruce not only permitted Mary to visit her, but himself sent to her at various times a quantity of port out of his own cellar. He had his reward.

On Christmas day I was dining at his table, and during dinner Mary found an opportunity to tell me that she had a Christmas present for the upstairs; but she refused, notwithstanding my urgent inquiries, to tell me what it was. I had visions of smoking caps and slippers and other ornamental and useless rubbish that girls usually think appropriate gifts for men. It turned out to be something much more to my liking. I had and have a weakness for old books, and my chambers were almost lined with

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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2. It shall have for its object to carry on the business of dealing in any goods or wares, merchandise or any other goods that the said Co-operative Association may from time to time deem proper, under the Rockdale plan of business. 3. That is to sell for each or otherwise as

the board of directors may deem proper, at the regular retail price of such goods, for the successful and profitable management of its own affairs and to form all other acts to this end. 4. This Co-operation shall have power to sue and be sued under its co-operative name in Breckenridge County, State of Kentucky, to buy all goods in the best market at the lowest price possible, and to sell as cheap as possible to keep the stock holders safe at the seasonable profit to same, and to have the same power that any natural person has in equity

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of the capital stock more or less as the board after elected may deem proper 8. No stock holder shall take less than one share or more than one hundred, and then will only be allowed one vote, same as the person holding one share of \$10.00, the board may from time to time appoint such other officers or agent as they may deem proper, and throw out or impeach any officer for misconduct, and elect one in his place at the next stated month-

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